THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDWARD DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} GLOBE—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROPRIETOR ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1563.

Choice Poetry.

AFTER DEATH.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

Why should we cling to them that die?
Why fondly mock and haunt the place
Where a dear brother's soften'd face,
Amid the ashes of his race?

Why weep where the on-rising sun,
While the bread tree's fan-top leaf sway,
Sees God Himself in all, and He
Still death within the mouldering clay?

Learn as they pass shall sooner wide
The dead by narrow walls confined,
Where'er the source sends his tide,
Or earth is swept by whispering wind.

Those trees, the harvests on those plains
The air we breathe, the dust we tread,
The tide of life that fills those veins,
Are portion of the buried dead.

Hath God, then doomed, when life is o'er,
The soul to slumber in the tomb,
While yet the form, the limbs it wore,
Are on the earth, in life and bloom?

The mind, for teaching ages gone,
Thought-fraught and blest, survives—
Finds not each pleaser's cosmic zeal place,
And commend'st of their days and years.

But who beyond it, knows hath gazed,
At which her mortal mates fall,
Into the spirit world, or raised
The veil of, and declared the passing veil.

The deepest search of human thought,
The farthest stretch of human eye,
Can reimage but the things we brought,
Beyond the moment when we die.

With trembling hope I wait the change,
With trembling—and I wait, unclogged by fear,
Through God's vast universe shall range,
And taste the world of spirits in.

Over, joy, unexpected, the cheerful creed.
That leaves the spirit free to roam,
By sunset and river, wood and mead,
Till heaven's kind voice shall call it home.

Original Novelet.

THE IRON HAND

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

The thought that came instantly to the mind of Andrew, when his father's condition of mind upon his son was mentioned, was the thought of Emily Winters. For the sake of speaking daily a few quickly passing words with her, he had subjected himself to reproachful, punishment and disgrace. And he could not but feel indignant at the idea of a suspicion such as was now thrown out. Still, he was too proud and stubborn to think for a moment of attempting any of the wrong steps he had made. Nothing but the blinded passion of his mother, whom he did indeed love, until all his perversities nearly grew pardoned him. But for the strong attachment felt for Emily, he would have resented the intelligence that he was about to be sent to sea, with pleasure.

For some time after this, Andrew's extreme conduct was more orderly. But, there was so much about him that he could truly offended father, that he did not escape for even a single day without a frown or harsh word, which soon had the effect of driving him to the bar-room, and to the wicked companionship of his will had awakened. He continued to meet Emily on his way to school, but was careful to avoid being seen in her company so long as before. But this pleased her not. Her simple mind, a person who frequently saw them together, mentioned the fact to Mr. Winters, who immediately reproved his daughter for the association, and positively forbade its continuance. Emily had ever been obedient to her parents in all things, and this command, grievous as it was, she felt bound to obey. On the day after it was given, Andrew lingered for her in vain at the place where they had met daily, until after his school hour. On the next morning he was there earlier than usual, and waited until just his school hour again. But she did not come. Strictly obedient to her parents, she had gone by another way, so as to avoid the meeting.

During that day, Andrew was absent from school. Having twice missed a lesson, he knew he had no heart to enter upon his studies, and so went listlessly wandering about the streets until near twelve o'clock, when he called at the house of his neighborhood of her school, and waited to see if she was among the children at the time of their dismissal. In a little while the children came pouring forth, and among them his sugar eyes soon caught the form of Emily. He saw by her side in a moment, saying, as he took her hand—

"Where have you been? I've looked for you three two days."

A sudden flush overspread the face of Emily to an instant, and she gently disengaged the hand he had taken.

Andrew, who, with all his faults, was proud and sensitive, seemed startled by this unexpected reception. He looked at her for a moment, gazing upon her downcast face, and then turned from her and walked rapidly away. As he did so, the little girl looked up, and with tear-filled eyes, that arose more full of tears, and stood gazing after him with a look of expression of commiseration until he was out of sight.

"I don't care for anything now!" Such was the exclamation of Andrew, on passing, with a swelling bosom, with a resolution stir, upon a doorway, as soon as he had passed beyond the view of the friend he had so long loved. "I will go to sea, as father wished, and the father possessed enough of wisdom and self-denial, until he had gained a command, or anywhere else. I will! I don't care! I'm not going to school any more! I don't care for school! I do nothing right, my boy! It's useless, and I'll be a man! Father, I'm sorry that ever I've been goodness him ever; but I guess he's beaten it most all out!"

With such words passing through his mind, the unhappy boy sat, with his face down, and his head supported on his hands, for more than an hour, during which time he was startled by a well known voice, whose tones were ever like music to his ears, pronouncing his name.

In an instant he was on his feet. Emily was before him, and her eyes were now fixed upon his face with a most expressive look.

"Andrew," said she, "don't be angry. It isn't my fault."

"What isn't your fault?" eagerly inquired the boy, as he grasped her hand.

"Father said I mustn't—"

The little girl hesitated. It seemed as if she couldn't utter the words.

"Said what?"

There was ill-repressed indignation in Andrew's voice.

"Don't be angry! It frightens me when you are angry!" said Emily, looking distressed.

"What did your father say?" asked the boy, in milder tones.

"He said that I mustn't meet you as I used to unless my mother," replied Emily.

The face of the boy grew crimson, while his lips curled with the angry indignation that swelled in his bosom. He was about giving a passionate vent to his feelings, when he was arrested by the look of distress that overspread the face of his gentle friend, and by the tears that came slowly stealing from her eyes.

"Don't I do good—"

These few, broken words gave utterance to what was in his thoughts, and then, seeing the tears of Emily, absorbed all his attention for a time.

"You don't enjoy with me, are you?" asked the little girl, laying her hand upon his, and looking up timidly in his face.

"No, I'm not angry with you, Emily. I'm angry with your father. He's a bad man, and I'll endure me you then anybody. I don't care what names of me now! Let them send me to sea if they like!"

At the word "sea" Emily's face grew pale, and she said, in a trembling voice—

"Oh! They won't send you to sea, Andrew?"

"Father threatened to send me to sea if I didn't attend school regularly."

"But you will attend better, Andrew. I know you will. Oh, it would be dreadful to be sent to sea!"

"I don't know. I'd as lief be there as any where else, if I can't see you!"

"But you will see me sometimes. We can't meet any more as we go to school; but we'll see each other often, Andrew."

These words lifted much of the heavy weight that pressed on the feelings of the boy.

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"I don't know," replied Emily. "Father said we must avoid meeting at school; but there will be other chances. Good-bye! I wouldn't like father to see me here, for then he would think me a very disobedient girl."

And saying this, Emily turned and ran freely away. Andrew stood and watched her until the pressure that rested upon them. Still, he felt angry and indignant at Mr. Winters, and this state, however, was not favorable to the feelings to encourage other states of mind that were not good. With a feeling of rebellion in his heart he returned to the house, and found no difficulty in providing some reasons, and in falling under the quickly arising influence of his mother, that he was ever more inclined to seek them overlook reasons of regret. The consequence was, that when he left for school in the afternoon, he felt little inclination to attend, and, after a slight delay, yielded to this inclination. The little forbearance and kindness would have softened the child's feelings, and prompted him in the right step, was lost for the time. The spirit was roused, and there was no room beneath it for the better impulses of the boy to await with patience.

At supper time, on that evening, the boy was absent. He should have been home nearly two hours before.

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"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Howland, in a voice touched with a deeper concern than usual.

"Has he been home since school was dismissed?"

"No."

"Did not there ever such a boy!" exclaimed Mr. Howland.

"Most probably he has been kept in," suggested Edward.

Edward sat the table, and went on to read, without being satisfied with word that Andrew had not been to school all day.

Katie and Ann fell from the hands of Mr. Howland, and the mother's fears instantly grew palpable. But for the strong attachment felt for Emily, she would have resented the intelligence that he was about to be sent to sea, with pleasure.

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Edward sat the table, and went on to read, without being satisfied with word that Andrew had not been to school all day.

"I felt troubled about him all day," murmured the father.

"He was home at dinner time," said Mr. Howland, as he pushed his chair back from the table.

"Yes."

"Then—oh, dear! What is to become of him! I've tried every thing in my power to restrain him from evil, but all is of no avail."

Mrs. Howland wept. Her heart was full and ready to overflow. At each one passed in Katie, and the room became perfectly silent, the ticking of the clock was the only voice could be heard in the street. For a few moments all was breathless silence. Then the sound of a person's feet, as she moved along the passage in the door, throbbed on each beat, and then all sprang from the chair, as a loud knock was given at the door, and the servant, followed by men's voices, and the shuffling of a crowd of people.

Poor Mrs. Howland sunk to the floor, nerveless, while Mr. Howland sprang quickly out of the room. The door was soon held. Andrew had been out on the river with some other boys in a boat, from which he had fallen into the water, and called out for help without boat again. By all appearance, lifeless. It proved, in the end that Andrew was only suspended; after an hour's unremitted effort, by a skilful physician, the circle of life went on again.

The shock of this event somewhat subdued the mind of Mrs. Howland. He felt utterly discouraged about the boy. While in this state of discouragement, he refrained from saying anything to him about his bad conduct. Indeed, in view of his recent narrow escape from death, his feelings were a good deal softened towards Andrew, and something like pity took the place of anger. During the two days that he was thus unconscious, his father said little to him; but, what little he did say, was spoken kindly, and with more of a parental sentiment therein had been apparent for years. Electricity did not more instantly reach the heart of Andrew, than when Mr. Howland took his hand, and asked in a kind voice how he felt, tears rushed to his eyes, and he struggled in vain to be could not say. This was perceived by Mr. Howland, and he felt that his boy was not altogether given over to hardness of heart. In that moment Andrew promised in his own mind, that in future he would be a more dutiful son to his father.

Unhappily, Mr. Howland attributed this subdued and better state of feeling to its use, to the punishment he had given the boy, and not to the real cause—the change of his own spiritual state. Instead of speaking to his son in a loving manner, with a resolution stir, upon a doorway, as soon as he had passed beyond the view of the friend he had so long loved. "I will go to sea, as father wished, and the father possessed enough of wisdom and self-denial, until he had gained a command, or anywhere else. I will! I don't care! I'm not going to school any more! I don't care for school! I do nothing right, my boy! It's useless, and I'll be a man! Father, I'm sorry that ever I've been goodness him ever; but I guess he's beaten it most all out!"

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The Traveller.

LIFE ON THE WING.

MRS. BLOOMER.

Clippings.

THE DINNER HOUR.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

AND THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

THE FOURTH.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

PRETTY GOOD.

IRELAND.

AMERICA ABROAD.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

AARON BURR.

TO DEBATERS.

BRITISH DESERTERS.

DRY YOUR TEARS.

SHANNONDALE SPRINGS.

GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

Our Correspondents.

THE NEW DRESS.

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

New Publications.

RECEPTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Dock Street, Philadelphia.
Where all kinds of Printing, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Ball Books, Cards, &c., &c., &c., are done with Expedition, in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the words of Mrs. Southworth's Novelette, we shall publish a whole novelette, short, &c., from the pens of other well-known writers. We have a series of articles now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

That Dear Mann, by T. S. Arthur.

The Beaux of our Society, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

Lawyers as Lions, by Caleb Wright. Illustrated by eminent Engravings. The Author has travelled more than 40,000 miles for the express purpose of collecting information respecting the various sons of people whom profession, business, and amusements have brought before the public.

Reports of Lectures, the Genius of the Foreign Pantaloon, Biographies, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c., be given as of old.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have the news from San Francisco, California, down to the first of June. The steamer Commodore arrived at Panama on the 10th ult., with one million two hundred thousand dollars in gold and fifty passengers.

The Bonanza Mine was over a million and a half of gold dust, and three hundred and seventy-five passengers; also the California mails to June 1st, brought by the steamer Constitution, at Panama.

Among the passengers in the Empire City is John L. Stevens, Esq., President of the Panama Railroad Company. While at Navy Bay, Mr. S. had the satisfaction of seeing the first locomotive started on the railroad, the precursor of coming events. This occurred on the 24th ult., and was hailed with shouts of joy as she sped along the track. The work is going freely on, under the management of Col. Totten, and Mr. Stevens.

San Francisco is nearly rebuilt, three-fourths of the streets destroyed being lined and inhabited. The fire occurred nearly a year ago, and Stockton is also progressing rapidly.

The news from the Sixteenth mines is not down by the Indians as at first reported.

The election for State officers was about to take place.

Rumors of Indian difficulties are alarmingly in the Nevada Territory, and the Governor of the Empire State has ordered three companies of militia to hold themselves in readiness to march, and if it is to be feared that a few hatchetmen have had the power to exert that arrogant spirit which has made it at times wrenched concessions quite profitable. They have not been in the service of the state. No necessity for such a deplorable condition of things.

The prospects of agriculture are very good. The wheat crop in the San Joaquin valley is large. The late rains have materially increased the probability of good crops. The immigration to the portion of our steamer is certain to be to farming and stock raising.

INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE.—Messrs. Adams & Co., have had the "contract" to transport the Confederate Congress before and they have now got Jeff Davis' "party" on board, and will run the rats on Queen's Creek, how yielding the most remarkable speed. Jeff. Davis, it is said, has announced in that vote, proceeded to the Alabama Legislature, and in which he made them the repeated of the Jeffersonian principles of the Democratic party, and declared that he would not be a candidate for re-election. Who can estimate the profit we are to be favored with this new species of society?

POLITICAL.—The State Democratic Convention met at Sonoma on the 19th of May, one hundred and seventy-seven delegates being in attendance, and nominated the following gentlemen as candidates to be supported by the Democratic party at the coming election:

Governor—Lieut. Governor—Lieut. Governor—Assessor—Treasurer—Attorney General—Surveyor General—Wm. H. Seely, Members of Congress—Hall McAllister, Edw. D. Baker.

The Whig State Convention, which assembled in San Francisco on the 20th of May, consisted of 150 delegates. The following ticket was the result they have put in nomination:

Governor—Leonidas Haskell. Lieut. Governor—Henry P. Baldwin, of Yuba. Members of Congress—Thomas Butler King, of Georgia. Attorney General—Wm. D. Fair, of San Joaquin. State Treasurer—Thomas Abell, of San Francisco. State Treasurer—J. H. Reed, of Solano. Surveyor General—Wm. Meyers, of San Joaquin. Congress—E. J. C. Kewen, of Sacramento. Assessor—Wm. Hoff, of Sonoma.

There had been no failures, but business was greatly depressed since the fire. At a recent auction sale a carpenter purchased the H. F. Journal of Commerce. "On average, prices established by the sales of the week are 10 per cent. below New York prices. The goods offered were generally of a good class and in perfect condition. Most of them were specially adapted to the present wants and prevailing taste of the people. Still lookers have no money, no confidence, no disposition to buy at any height in price. The fact is, that our merchants, as a body, are now and what little stock they have on hand have left, if all being absorbed in paying heavy monthly rents, at high figures. The fact that all the enormous stocks of goods arriving by the Cyprus' steamer from New York were on the 1st of last May lost, prior to the great conflagration. It is true that a few of the heaviest of the merchants lost no upon, but new prices and new locations have been consigned, and the work of reconstruction has already gone twenty on. A great number of vacant lots are to be seen in the most public parts of the city, and not a few eligible located gables for occupancy in the asking terms ranging from $600 per month rent—a sum which few are able to pay. The steamers are now arriving and departing semi-weekly, will not exceed $2,000 each, and it is expected that they will be able to make a trip in less than a year, if not turned down in the interim.

"Our carpenters and mechanics generally are receiving a fair remuneration, the latter from $6 to $8 per day; laborers $3 per day, while their board is $4.50 to $5 per week. Last week the former a other $50 per week for continuous employ to their families, which is now to be the case with but few exceptions. At least two-thirds of the stores are now open for business, and the rest steamer after steamer, and that is considered an almost hundred dollars per day.

"He that labours the mechanics and shipwrights, we are made to disagree some Two Hundred of the Sixteenth Regiment. This regiment, after a long and tedious march, arrived within its walls, but he refused to allow it. He has not yet announced his determination, speculation is that the Union had been made, and he could not agree to a repetition of them within a U. S. Fort.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN CHESTER COUNTY.—We learn from the West Chester Village Record that a colored woman, convicted of theft in Philadelphia, and sentenced to five months' imprisonment, was claimed by Mr. Gen. McGraw, of Delaware, as servant for a term of years, by agreement and has sued for crime for six or eight years. Her term of imprisonment expired on Friday week, but she was kept in prison till Saturday morning, had a hearing before the Commissioner, which lasted a quarter of an hour, and was then delivered to her claimant, who immediately started for Delaware. He white person was present of the hearing or knowledge of the case, except the Commissioner and his Marshal, and there was no counsel for the woman present.

THE MISSOURI DISTILLERIES.—Another steamer has been made to bear up the Mississippi Central Railroad Depot. A lot of powder, with a slow match attached, was received by the steamer May Flower and put in the forgot, where it exploded during the morning. Two men were blown up and seriously though not fatally injured. It is supposed that the box was designed to explode on board the steamboat. Can anything more fiendish be imagined?

GOVERNOR PRICE AND LINCOLN.—A shipment of tobacco reached New York in a canal boat a few days ago, after making a rather novel navigation of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Pennsylvania, thence to Cleveland, down Lake Erie to Buffalo, through the Erie Canal to Albany, and finally down the Hudson River. It is the first lot of cotton that has ever taken such a route from the South to the North.

SOUTH CAROLINA SECESSIONISTS.—It is said known that the following sentiments are found in section 10th of the Declaration of the Republic of South Carolina:

Q.—What shall be done for the emancipation of free men of colour?

A.—Declare that they are not as much so and more than the white people, and by a law of the State, and by the Constitution of the United States, and by the Constitution of the United States, and by the Constitution of the United States

Selected Poetry.

THE PAGAN QUESTIONING DEATH.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Mr. Arthur J. Stansbury, the well-known Washington reporter, gives (in the "Home Monthly") the following account of "old Hickory":

JACKSON'S MILITARY GENIUS.

Of General Jackson's services as a commander, I do not propose to speak. Already he has been pronounced by a very limited but far distinguished authority, "a great military chieftain." It remained for another, and a very humble judge of General Jackson's military genius, to pronounce him "the greatest soldier that ever lived." Upon the occasion of the visit which General Jackson paid to Nashville in 1833, I was a little girl, but, as the youngest daughter of a family of eight children, I was a favorite with the heroic old man, and the memory of the Battle of New Orleans and that upon the day of the battle, we were all much excited and interested in the preparations for the victory we anticipated, but, as to the battle, I only remember that I was told that it was fought on the ground, and took the residence and fortunes of my family, that the victory was in a great measure owing to the fortifications of cotton bales, and that I was very glad of it, because I thought it a very pretty fortification. I remember, also, that my father and mother were not among the number of those who were invited to dine with General Jackson on the day of his visit to Nashville, but that many of the best families were represented at the dinner, and that my father's was one of those which received a subsequent invitation to tea. The Jackson mansion was a very unpretending one, and the rooms into which we were ushered on the day of the dinner party were filled with the guests of the day, and I remember that I was pressed among the ranks of my Western sharpshooters, and that I was not a little put out by the presence of officers full, as I then thought, of much finer clothes than my own. But the hospitable and courteous welcome of the host soon banished all feelings of this kind, and I remember that I was very much pleased with the appearance of the veteran chieftain, as he stood in the midst of a host of admiring friends, and received the congratulations of the hour and the homage of the fifting crowd.

Surely, imagination would be strange and rare, if it could have the plastic power of giving to the conception of a chieftain a form more noble than was that of Andrew Jackson. All of his features were in perfect harmony with each other, and the whole was in harmony with the head and figure. His forehead was high and massive, and his eyes were of that peculiar color, and of that peculiar expression, which, when once seen, can never be forgotten. His nose was aquiline, and his mouth, though large, was finely proportioned, and when it opened in a smile, revealed a set of teeth which were perfect. His head, which was covered with a profusion of iron-gray hair, was large, and his shoulders were broad and square, and his whole figure was that of a man of great muscular power. His hands and feet were large, and his whole appearance was that of a man who was born to command. His dress was a suit of black broadcloth, and he wore a white cravat and collar, which, though of the finest linen, were of the old-fashioned kind, and were not turned down over the cravat, as is the fashion of the present day. His pantaloons were tight, and were strapped down over the boots, which were of the finest polish. He wore no jewelry, and his whole appearance was that of a plain, unpretending gentleman, who had no thought of himself, and who was entirely absorbed in the duties of the occasion.

A PICTURE FOR BACHELORS.

If in that cheir yonder—not the one your feet do rest—but the other beside you—you see a woman seated, a round-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of her stocking visible between the shoe and the dress, a head turned to a dozen over a falsehood fair as any in heaven, and if you should touch a spring in the back of the chair, and suddenly the whole of the form that escape down the neck, and if you could change it into a pair of bright eyes, and make your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck, and if you could change the color of the hair from light brown of hers which is so temptingly touch, and take on ashy and to the presence of the Muse, while the brow slightly contracted, and the winter clouds which sometimes darken it, should pass over and disappear, but the husband of such a sweet image—but no, you are single, and will be so for some time to come, though you may not be always so, and you will not be single, and you will not be single, and you will not be single